SOME NEW BOOKS The True Motors of History.

Few English books have been recently reprinted in this country that are so certain to be welcomed by intelligent readers as the lectures delivered by Mr. J. E. THOROLD ROGERS. Professor of Political Economy in the Univeralty of Oxford and now collected under the (Putnamel, We believe that no American publisher has yet reproduced the author's elaborate history of agriculture and prices in England, which, although it has engrossed the author's attention for a quarter of a century, is not yet completed: but his briefer survey of the same subject in "Six Conturies of Work and Wages" is, we may assume, familiar to all American students of England's social prog-

Mr. Rogers has had the singular satisfaction of seeing the educated opinion of England, which once condemned him for economical heterodoxy, come round to his side. He allude to this interesting experience in the preface of which twenty years ago he was deprived be cause he traced certain social mischiefs to their origin. Even to this day he does not enirely escape misconstruction and detraction It is not long for instance since Lord iddes. leigh brought against him a charge of communism, which he afterward withdrew, acknowledging that he could find no ground for such an accusation in Mr. Rogers's writings It is still now and then, however, alleged that Mr. Rogers "is a Socialist without knowing To which his rejoinder is, "I know ver well what is the issue-the natural, just, and inevitable issue-of all attempts to cure wrongdoing by violence and to meet the misdeeds of government by a propaganda of anarchy." But because he is neither an Anarchist nor a Socialist, it does not follow that for a moment he shuts his eyes to the fact that existing social discontent is the outcome of past misrule, or that he is blind to the too propable menace of the future, that, "when men despair of equity, even the just rights of those who have strained those rights are in danger." may add that although Mr. Bogers alludes with respect to Mr. George, he rejects the latter's doctrine of the nationalization of land, which, its author contends, as it will be remembered, has nothing in common with socialism. Perhaps the reader will like to see the text of the allusion to Mr. George's proposal (which occurs on page 162): "Mr. Henry George has accepted Ricardo's theory lof rentland inferred from it the confiscation of all rent by the State. I repudiate Ricardo's theory, and dissent from Mr. George's conclusions for reasons which I hope to give here after. [He does not give them in the present lectures.) But it is not a little remarkable that a theory which assigns a providential origin of rent should be pressed into the service of the theorist who wishes to annul it; while the inference which I draw from the facts of the case and in which I give the historical events which have developed it, is that it would be not only a blunder and injustice, but amazing folly, to accept Mr. George's conclusion." This, of course, is tantamount to saying-what will by no means please the majority of Mr. George's critics who have amusingly assumed to deal with him from a plane of superior knowledge-that they who adopt the orthodox as distinguished from historical sconomy have no foothold at all for contending against Mr. George.

Mr. Rogers sets but little store by what passes for "the philosophy of history." Even in recent times the masters of historical narrative touch. in his opinion, far too lightly "on the condition of the people, on the varying fortunes of land and labor, and on the circumstances under which industries have been naturalized and developed" in a given country. They still confine themselves too much to "the criticism of groat men in past times," which, he thinks, "is sure to be interpreted as implying analogies in the present." Moreover. "as great historians of the philosophic school can hardly escape the imputation of partisanship, so the meaner masters of the craft almost invariably fall into transparent paradox and grotesque exaggeration." There is a further stage, in which an attempt is made to draw a likeness, and the failure is complete.

The specific purpose of these lectures, as the title indicates, is the economical interpretation of history, or, in other words, to show that very often the cause of great political events and great social movements is economical and has hitherto been undetected." Among the pregnant economical facts cited by way of ilstration two are especially memorable. First, the closing of the Egyptian route (whereby Eastern produce had been previously conveyed to the West) which caused Europe to rely exclusively on the Cape passage to Hindestan, and consequently caused the decay of the Italian and the Rhenish towns, thus leading to the peasants' war Germany, and at least contributing to the spread of the Reformation (which permitted the confiscation of Church property) among the German princes. Second, the effect export of wool from England to Planders upon the Hundred Years' War. Many other political and social changes are in these lectures traced to an economical origin. The author, however, does not pretend to have disgovered the historical significance of many of the economical facts which he has collected. On the contrary, it has he tells us, "always been my opinion that my researches will very possibly yield in other hands more than I have been able to infer, and will serve to illustrate and interpret the past and present to a greater extent than I have or shall be able to

It will be interesting to follow, in the two instances above mentioned, the exemplification of the effect of economical facts on political history, as it is set forth in Mr. Bogers's lectures. First, as to the effect on central Europe of the shutting off of the old routes for the transportation of Eastern products. On page 10 we are reminded that "in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there were numerous and well-frequented routes from the markets of Hindostan to the Western world, and for the conveyance of that Eastern produce which was so greatly desired as a seasoning to the course and often unwholesome diet of our forefathers, The principal ports to which this produce was conveyed were Seleucia (latterly called Licia), in the Levant, to Trobizond on the Black Sea and to Alexandria. From these ports this Eastern produce was collected mainly by the Venetian and Genoese traders and conveyed over the passes of the Alps to the upper Danube and the Rhine. Here it was the source of great wealth to the cities which were planted on these waterways, from Ratisbon and Nuremberg to Bruges and Antwerp. The stream of commerce was not deep or broad, but it was singularly fertilizing. In course of time all but one of these routes had been blocked by the savages who desolated central Asia, and still desolate it, the most bateful and mischievous of these Paces being still encamped in what was once the most prosperous part of the world, Greece and Asia Minor, and keeping it in hopeless savarery.

On page 104 we find more light thrown by some details not generally known on the economical situation produced in Europe by the successes of the Seljuk and Osmanli Turks in western Asia. "The first definite or accurate information which we get as to the course of trade from the East to the West is in the work of Sanuto the Venetian in an address or remonstrance laid before one of the Avignon Fores, John XXI. in 1321. \* \* \* According to this author the ancient depot of Indian produce was Bagdad, and it would seem that this view was confirmed by the evidence given in the writings of early travellers and of romances, as long as Engdad was under the rule the Abassid Caliphs and was practically the centre of Islam. But in course of time central [western?] Asia was overrun br divers barbarian hordes, and the routes of the caravans were interrupted. Two of these are known to Sanuto by memory. The one passed from Bagdad over the plains of Mesopotamia and Syria to Licia, the ancient Seleueia and the produce by this land route was

maritime cities of Italy-Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence. It appears that this, the earlies, and shortest route, was early attacked by the savages, who crowded down westward from the great plateau which lies between the eastern side of the Caspian and the Chinese empire irruptions of whom destroyed what mained of civilization in the great plains, and made all transit too dargerous to be possible. A second caravan route, also starting from Bagdad, followed the Tigris to its sources in Armenia and Azerbijan, and, going along the road which had been explored for the first time in history by the memorable Ten Thousand, reached the same point which they did at Trebinond or Trepezus. This was the more difficult, but the safer route, though perilous enough, and traversed conveniently only during the summer. But this route had also been interrupted, though, while it lasted it was welcome to the Italian cities. and especially to Venice, which had several factories in the Black Sea. Now, Sanuto tells us that Eastern produce was collected at the ports in the great peninsula of its origin, which he calls Mahabar and Cambeth, and thence had generally been shipped to certain ports on the Persian Gulf and the River Tigris. A smaller portion was sent to Aden for transit through Egypt. In consequence of the circumstances referred to above. Aden had become the only ort and the Egyptian the only route. From Aden he says there was a nine days' journey across the desert to Chus, as he calls it, on the

Nile. Thence it went by the river for fifteen days to Babylon, a name which the mediaval writers gave to Calro. From Cairo it went to Alexandria, whence it was shipped to Europe, after being taxed up to a third of its value by the [Mameluke] Sultau.

\* \* It is clear, however, from the fall in prices of Eastern produce during the fifteenth century that the Sultan must have seen that it was wise not to press too grievously on the trade which was so important to his dominons. Pepper, the most important and familia of these Eastern condiments, was generally procurable at a low price during this century. and a local manufacturer of sugar at Alexandria made this article so cheap that at the beginning of the sixteenth century it was little more than an eighth of the price at which it stood at the beginning of the fifteenth." It seems plain enough from these data that it was not the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, but some event in Egypt, that caused the complete abandonment of the old routes for Eastern produce. and the resultant decadence of the trading cities of southern and central Europe. For so long as the Egyptian route remained open the conveyance of products from Hindostan by the Cape voyage would have been much longer (occupying for the passage outward and back from two to three years), and probably more expensive. Some decisive change must, therefore, have taken place in the Levant to enable the Portuguese to turn Vasco da Gama's discovery to much practical account. What the change was is recalled to us on page 11; Selim I. (1512-20), who is elsewhere described as "the incarnation of all Turkish energy at its best and all Turkish vices at their worst," annexed Egypt during his brief reign. "This conquest blocked the only remaining road which the Old World know. The thriving manufactures of Alexandria were at once destroyed. Egypt ceased to be the highway from Hindostan. I discover-"adds Mr. Rogers," that some cause must be at work which had been hitherto unsuspected. in the sudden and enormous rise of price in all Eastern products at the close of the first quarter of the sixteenth century [they were far more costly twenty-seven years after Gama's discovery than they had been before, and found that it must have come from the con-

quest of Egypt." The political and social outcome of the sealing of the Nile route by Selim are thus epitomized: "The river of commerce was speedily dried up. The cities which had thriven on it were gradually ruined, at least in so far as source of their wealth was con-id. The Nile became fumen epocorned. turn Medo in a commercial sense, and the trade of the Danube and the Rhine ceased. The Italian cities fell into rapid decay. The German nobles who had got themselves incorporated among the burghers of the free cities were impoverished, and betook themselves to the obvious expedient of reimbursing their losses by the pillage of their tenants." Thus the battle of the Pyramids, in which Selim gained the Sultanate of Egypt for the Osmanli Turks, brought loss and misery into thousands of homes where the event had never

Let us see now how England's export of wool

is made to interpret her international relations during the long though intermittent war between the English and the French in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. After pointing out that "the Plantagenet Kings always used Flanders as the fulcrum from which to make their attacks on France, and that Edward I. Henry V. sedulously cultivated the friendship of the Flemings and their rulers." Mr. Rogers proceeds as follows: means which they employed to further these diplomatic ends was the or restrained exportation of English wool. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century 'wool was king.' \* \* England was the only wool-producing country in Europe. To some extent this remarkable industrial phenomenon was due to its climate and soil, though some parts of England are, and have been for centuries, more fitted for this product than others. \* \* \* The practical monopoly which the English possessed of the wool supply was less due, however, to the cli-mate and soil of England than it was to the maintenance of order in the kingdom. For a long time every one in England, from the King the sorf, was an agriculturist. After the landowners had been constrained to give up arable farming, they still remained sheep masters, produced wool and sold it. Now, when, owing to the diffusion or distribution of property, every one is interested in maintaining the rights of property, there is very little temptation given to theit or violence, and every inclination to detect and punish it. Hence Englishmen could keep sheep, the most defenceless of agricultural animals. Every one who knows anything about the state of western Europe from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century knows that the husbandman did not keep sheep for they would have certainly been plundered of them by the nobles and their retainers if they had. The King's peace was the protection of the sheepmaster. England, then, had a monopoly of wool. The monopoly was so complete and the demand for the produce so urgent that the English Parliaments were able to grant an export duty on wool equal to more than the market value of the produce without diminishing its price. In other words, the export duty was paid by the foreign consumer, a financial success which every Government has desired, which many Governments have tried, and in which with this English exception, have failed." After enumerating the four conditions of such a fiscal triumph Mr. Rogers caffirms that these "were satisfied in the case of English wool during the period that it was so powerful a diplomatic force. During the course of my economic studies," he continues. I have not seen them satisfied in any other commodity whatever, and I submit that this aspect of the relation of England and Flanders and its rulers is incomparably more instructive than the pedigree of the Dukes of Burgundy or the barren account of mili-

There are twenty-three lectures collected in this volume, and in almost all of them the illuminative relation of economical facts political and social history is similarly brought out. Particularly striking to those who have not read the author's "Six Centuries of Work and Wages" will seem the account of the effect of the great plague that afflicted England in the middle of the fourteenth century on agrarian and industrial conditions. The ensuing changes, it is well known, cuiminated in Tyler's rebellion, which, as Mr. Rogers shows, alpurchased and distributed by the principal though ostensibly abortive, really brought

tary operations on the French frontier of the

Low Countries."

about a material improvement in the situation of the laboring masses—an improvement, too, that lasted for at least a century and a quarter.

An American Defender of the British Unionists,

In Ireland under Corrcion (Houghton, Miffin & Co.) the author, Mr. W. H. HUBLBERT, has unquestionably given us a readable book; but Imagines that anywhere outside of certain English circles it will be accepted as presenting the impressions of an impartial ob-server, he will certainly be disappointed. It may not be an indisputable truth that comme on animum mutant qui trans mare currunt, but it is plain enough that Mr. Hurlbert's convictions with regard to the Irish problem had be come too deeply rooted in West End drawing rooms to be shaken by a voyage across St. George's Channel. The performances of our visiting statesmen" in the Southern States after the disputed Presidential election of 1876 taught us how easy it is for partisans to find evidence estensibly favorable to either side of a political controversy. Men are very aut on such occasions to find what they wish to although Mr. Hurlbert may not have been conscious that his observations were tinctured by his sympathies and preconceived opinions. we may take for granted that a Home Ruler would have brought back from the same localities a very different report. It should be needless to say that we entirely

dissent from the conclusions summed up by Mr. Hurlbert in the "epilogue" to his book. We find, to be sure, a perfunctory admission that "there is no doubt a great deal of distress exists in one or another part of Ireland," but this is instantly qualified by the assertion that "it has not been my fortune to come upon any outward and visible signs of such grinding misery as forces itself upon you in certain provinces of Belgium." Well, what does this really prove? Does it prove that Irishmen should not embrace every opportunity of abating their own misery? It proves, we should rather say, that the Radicals of Belgium have grave grievances to remedy, and that the sooner a remedy is applied, the better As to the impression shared by almost all Americans, and by all the followers of Mr. Gladstone, that England has in the past dismally failed to govern Ireland. Mr. Hurlbert contends that, "granting this impression to be absolutely well founded, it by no means follows that Ireland is any more capable of governing herself than England is of governing her." True that does not necessarily follow, but then, neither does the converse. The experiment of governing Ireland from England has been tried and has failed, but whether the experiment of allowing Ireland to govern herself will fail cannot be told till it is tried. Mr. Hurlbert suggests that, to judge from analogy, the latter experiment might fall, because "the Poles certainly administered Poland no better than the Russians have done." Even that proposition, instead of being "certain," is open to dispute, but why go so far for an analogue? Irishmen constitute a large fraction of the population of Victoria and of some of the United States. In those communities they prove themselves entirely capable of self-government; the reasonable inference would be that they would exhibit the same capacity at home. Mr. Huribert avers that the only "coercion" he found established in Ireland was exercised not by Mr. Balfour, but by popular combinations and secret tribunals calculated to make government by British functionaries impossible. But how are such combinations less justifiable than those organized in the American colonies which led to the Boston Tea Party, and which, because Englishman refused to recognize their significance, culminated in revolution? Such combinations are naturally and rightly resorted to when laws made by one country to be enforced upon another shock the public opinion

of the latter. No law relating to Irish interests alone is clothed with any moral sanction if it is enacted in the teeth of strenuous protest from Irish public opinion as represented by an immense majority of Ireland's delegates to the legislature. It is not, as Mr. Hurlbert imagines, the fundamental "duty of a government to govern." The fundamental duty of a free government is to govern with the consent of the governed. The capital objection to the Crimes act is that, although only applicable to the kingdom of Iroland, it was enacted in the face of the most vehement opposition from the authentic representatives of that kingdom.

Mr. Hurlburt tells us that, to bis mind, one thing at least is clear, namely, that " the two aptagonistic principles of the agrarian revo lution represented by Mr. Davitt, and the principle of authority, represented in the domain of politics by the British Government, and in the domain of morals by the Vatican, are the only two important factors of the pres-ent situation." But he has just acknowlin Ireland were compelled to-morrow to transfer their ownership of the land to the peasant occupants. "Mr. Davitt would be further from the recognition and triumph of his principle of State ownership than-he is today." Now, Parnellites, Gladstonians, and Tories all agree upon one point-as to the Tories, witness the extension of the Ashbourne act-namely, that the transfer of ownership from the present landlerds to their tenants should be brought about as speedily as possible. It seems, then, that the principle of the agrarian revolution, or, in other words, the doctrine advocated by Mr. Henry George, has in fact no footing at all in Ireland, so that we must look elsewhere for the principle which is just now giving the socalled principle of authority so much trouble We shall find it in the principle of individual land ownership and of local self-government. for which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell are contending. The adverse and temporarily triumphant principle Mr. Hurlbert may call, if he chooses, the principle of authority, but we believe that we are warranted by conturies of misrule in calling it the hopelessly discredited principle of governing Ireland by Englishmen. We would not lay down a book which we have read with interest although not with anproval, and omit the expression of profound egret that the sympathies and talents of Mr. Huribert could not have been enlisted on that side of the Irish question which we and a vast majority of his fellow countrymen believe to be the right one.

BOOK NOTES.

"Worthington's Annual for 1889" (Worthington & Co.) is a pleasant holiday book for youngsters. The tinted illustrations are a pretty fea-

The publishers send us vols. III, and IV. of Scribner's Mayazine, comprising the issue for the current year. It is a treasure house of choice reading and exquisite engraving. A better subject for a historical romance than

the massacre of Wyoming could scarcely be suggested, and in his "Wyoming" (Porter & Coates), Mr. Edward S. Ellis has produced a very picturesque and stirring tale.

Dr. Joseph Parker's stupendous enterprise. The People's Bible" (Funk & Wagnalla), has reached its ninth volume, which carries the work through the first book of Chronicles and as far as the twentieth chapter, inclusive, of the second book. The commendations which we have bestowed upon the previous volumes are fully merited by the one before us.

Charles B. Cory. Chairman 'of the Committee on Hypnotism of the American Society of Psychical Research, is the author of "Hypnotism or Mesmerism" (Alfred Mudge & Son), a collection of brief essays expressing in simple style sound common-sense ideas. The author exposes without mercy the follies and frauds of the mesmerizers and mind doctors. 'Taras Buiba." translated by Jeremiah Cur-

tin from the Russian of Nikolái Vasilyevitch Gogol, is an historical novel of Russia and Poland of very considerable interest. It relates to that troubled period in the middle of the seventeenth century when the Cossacks of the Ukraine were waging what seemed a hopeless war against Poland in defence of their religio and liberties, and throws new light upon many incidents in the history of eastern Europe.

The Putnams send us "Gimpses of the

Future." a collection of essays by David Goodman Croly. They originally appeared in the Record and Guide, a paper devoted mainly to the interests of real estate owners and builders, in what was called the "Prophetto Department," and were intended to forecast the future business and politics. On these subjects Mr. Croly has made some surprisingly shrewd guesses, and the selections from his writings

here presented will repay a perusal. They have been in a measure recast. Theodore Presser has published "How to Understand Music," by W. S. B. Matthews, which the author describes as a second vol-ume of a work bearing the same title, issued several years ago. It is largely made up of contributions to the newspaper press, and contains an excellent criticism of Wagner's works The chapters on the psychological gelations of music, the theory of pianoforte teaching, and the tonal systems of temperament are full of interesting information. From the same publisher we have received "Lessons in Musical History," by John Comfort Fillmore, a capita elementary book to put in the hands of begin-

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, whose novel, "Robert Elsmere," has been so widely read, is the author of another work of fletion, entitled "Miss Bretherton" (Rand, McNally & Co.), which, of a less virile character than its prede essor, is a work of great simplicity beauty, conceived in a sweet, womanly spirit, It is the story of a beautiful and sensitive young woman, who makes her debut on the London stage in a somewhat melodramatic play, and charms her audiences more by her grace. Ingenuousness, and personal attractions than by her dramatic genius, which seems o feeble quality. Yet there is in her the making of a great actress, and, in spite of her own mis givings, the advice and instructions of Irlends help to develop her from the walking gentle woman of the stage into an inspired and pas signate artist. The intellectual processes by which this is accomplished are related with great literary skill; as are likewise the means by which the man who first wounded her selfesteem by suggesting the limits of her dra matic powers is made to become her husband. Mrs. Ward is mistress of a finished and agree able style, and can move her readers alike to laughter or tears. We may add that she intro duces American characters into her nove without caricaturing them.

"From World to Cloister," by Bernard (Kegan. Paul, Trench & Co.), is the story of a cultivated man of middle age, in comfortable circumstances, who deliberately renounced his easy-going life and his opportunities to gratify resthetic tastes to retire to a Roman Catholic monastery and devote his remaining days to a religious life. The volume is autobiographical in form, and the author expresses himself with perfect frankness. His account of his novitlate is written in a style of singular purity and ease. and is thoroughly interesting. The true monastic life, as described by him, is one of holiness and invariable humility and obedience. but neither so ascetic nor morose as its detractors frequently describe it; and, we may add, the author himself seems to possess playful humor and a sense of the ridiculous not inconsistent with his profession. Sincerity gentleness, and kindness are his prominent qualities, and his relation of his own experiences will be likely to influence other Roman Catholics to follow his example. Not the least valuable chapter of his work is that in which he cautions honest but inexperienced persons who, under the influence of excitement caused by remorse, desire to withdraw themselves from the world, not to regard monastic life as a spiritual reformatory, where they are to lead pure and holy lives by being cut off from the proximate occasions of sin. Many of these people are not fond of poverty and mentally rebel against obedience to spiritual authority, with the result that in too many instances their life becomes a monotonous, cheerless existence, with scarcely a trace of the humility and religious enthusiasm with which they entered upon their novitiate. The monastic life, he says, is, in fact, a calling, to which all who devote themselves to it are not adapted. The good it will promote and some of the dangers surrounding it were never more eloquently set forth.

THE OTHER GREAT NEGRO EMANCI-PATION.

of Brazil-The Shock Greater There than in America-A Gloomy Outlook. From the Times-Democrat.

It is quite impossible to give any fixed value to lands in Brazil, as so much depends upon the soil, location, and adaptability to coffee Owing to the changes in the mosts of life, customs, system of agriculture, old debts of planters, and losses from the sudden emancipation, no one at present can ilx any definite edged that, if all the actual landlords price upon the value of real estate in the landlords price upon the value of real estate in the cutter, respectively. which are rapidly growing both from foreign immigration and from the influx of the wealthy

There is no precedent in history of such a condition as Brazil is now in. In Brazil the shock must have been greater than in the United States, for it destroyed to the root the customs and habits of long decades of years, and loft the planter with his crops, lands, houses and herds and cattle with no certain labor to rely upon, and what there is antagonistic perhaps. In the United States fire and the sword left everything bare, and a new life under a new condition had to be commenced. Before the edict the financial condition of the forcendiero or planter could be known to himself and to his commission merchant; now neither one nor the other knows, and, therefore, springs up me end of hitigation. In the slave era the profits of coffee planting were such as to induce the investment of almost all of the clear profit in more lands and more slaves. The planter's factotum, the commission merchant, has made reneated efforts to slip directly the coffee from the mill of the plantation to the consumer's house in loreign countries. Such efforts were not attended with beneficial results, loading to loss rather than to gain, and these projects were as hastily abandoned as commenced. When the crop was sold the commission merchants kept the profits subsect to order, the planter drawing what he desired and investing the rest as the fazendo required. By far the greater portion of the lazendo required, and the greater portion of the lazendo required and investing the rest as the fazendo required. By far the greater portion of the lazendo required and laves, whose price continued to increase with the demand, while lands assumed a factitions value dua to profit of coffee culture based solely on forced labor. Finding himself falling behind on secount of the lazendo required and that he was becoming involved in debit the demand, while hands assumed a factition was partially suved. But the evil not exorcised.

Then came the sudden emancination, without an organized system of labor yet established—the negroes now being of no value in the lazendor of the value of parties, the b condition as Brazil is now in. In Brazil the shock must have been greater than in the United States, for it destroyed to the root the

The Trap Didn't Hold.

The Trap Bids't Hold.

From the Winted Cittien

In East Kent, Litchfield county, George Carpenter had a hard fight with a wildcat one day last week. Mr. Carpenter set a trap between two rocks to catch a coon. When he went to see it the cat was caught by the fore foot. Mr. Carpenter got down between the rocks with a club supposing the trap would hold, but the cat broke the trap and sprang at him. After a hard fight he succeeded in despatching the beast. The animal weighed nearly twenty-five pounds.

POEMS MORTH READING.

The Oak and the Parasite. Of old there grew a tall and sturdy oak, A century's son, and calmly it defied The florcest tempests that above it troke And still maintained its unabated pride.

When wind and storm at times o ercame it, then
It bent and bowed, but always rose again.

When bitter blasts of winter stripped it bare It never mourned the foliage that it shed; But waiting caimly till the akies were fair, Still lifted proudly its undaunted head, And in the spring, all splendidly arrayed Rejeteed as if no leaf could ever faile.

Its stordy strength was fitted to invite All cunning, creasing plants to climb and cling And so there came a sapless parasite.

A valueless and most obnoxious thing. hat grew about the tree as tall and staneh And covered with its leafage bole and branch

The people wondered as the creeper grew.
Absorbing lifeblood from the juicy tree, Which seemed no more the oak that once ther knew A tettered giant that would fain be free; And shathey gazed upon the early he d, "The parasits is now the tree," they suid.

There came a wild and flerce November storm A hurricane cyclonic in its force: The ancient cak before it bowed its form. And with it fell the parasite of course. The proud tree's tentare flew before the blast Which freed it from the parasits at last

The people said : " Schold again the tree! How grandly does it lift its head once more Stripped of its leaves, but from the creeper free Erect as ever, sturdy as before: bless the storm that shook its base, But freed it from the parasite's embrace:

To a Renlist. From the Independent, A crossbow old, with lathe and gaffle grim, And carven stock, hung in a castle hall— Mere brica brac, but on the distance dim It sketched de Jouroon's quarrel, Richard's fail.

A curious ballad written by Villon (The wave with elections was wan and sere; But genius had est a glow thereon Like memory's itsis on a low that fell last year.

A broken plough beside a hedge row flung Amid the flowering weeds of early June, Told of poor Burns, who from the furrow sing The Banks of Ayr and Braes o' Bonnie Doon A fossil skeleton, delicate and rare, A bird faeld fast in rick for ages long) I reed by the quarry men. I heard the air Eons ago thrill to its morning song!

A southern zittern found at Avignon; Broken its keys with pharis and opals set; Its strings were rust, its wreathest punchboard gone, But chords of passion wrung it fret by fret.

A leathern bettle, wrinkled, black, and old, h, but the philter that it used to bold Haunted it with the ghest of strange perfume A phrase by Sappho, or a violin Made at Cremons—all the bits of clay That Palays burned drathless color in— The crudest charcoal sketches of Millet—

how rich with charm, how redelent and ripe And fertile is the purple mood they b ing? The heroes fight again. Pan blow his pipe And from the sacred groves the Nuses sing.

Time spares the germs that subtile genius needs.
Forth from the bine of distance they are sent;
And need indeed is he who never heeds.
What precious hints fall from the firmament. Aloft, arear, in caverns dark, profound, Where no dull commonplace has ever been. The golden web of genius is wannd. Which all the thronging world is tangled in.

Genius, that wind worn reed, unsightly rude. Notched by some strong, untuicred artisan: That goiden tyre, that tute of jewelled wood, That syring blown by furry lips of Pan!

Ah. friend, as you read Keatsone starry night, white on the world by dreams and mysters. You felt a thrill, trembled, and cried outright: "Young god! Strange boy! Let go the heart of Tawyenbyllist line." MAURICE THORPSON.

## Apple Ple and Cheese

From America.

Full many a sinful notion
Conceived of foreix pow'rs
lias come across the ocean
To harm the land of ours.
And buresies called fastions
il ave modesty effaced.
And baieful, morbid passions
Corrupt our native tasts.
O tempora! O mores!
What profanations these
That seek to dim the gories
Of apple pie and cheese

I'm glad my education
Enables me to stand
Against the vile temptation
Held out on every hand.
Eachewing all the tiles
With radily replete.
With radily replete.
I'm loyal to the victuals
Our grandaires used to ent!
Pur glad I've got three witing bors
70 hant around and tease.
Their mother tor the filting joys
Of apple ple and cheese!

or appie pie and cheese!

Your flavored creams and ices
And your dainty ange: food
Are mighty fine device.

To reca e the dainty dude;
Your serra, n and oxysters.

With wine to wash 'em down,
Are just the thing for roisters.

When painting of the town:
No dippaint, sugared notion
Scali my appetite appease
Or bate my soil's devotion
To apple pie and cheese!

To apple ple and cheese!
The pie my Julia makes me (604 bless her Yankee ways!)
On memory's pinions takes me
To dear Green Mountain days;
And seems like I saw mother
Lean on the window sill,
A handin' me and brother
What she knows "I keep us still;
And these foolings are so grateful—
Sal I : "Julia II you please.
I'll fake another plateful
of that apple ple and cheese!"

And cheese! No shen it sit.
That's brought across the sea.—
No Butch antique, nor switzer,
No Butch antique, abbor so
As mawments of this lik.—
Give me the harmless morecan
Tisat's made of true-the mikt
No matter what conditions
Disapeptic come to tasks.—
The best of al. physicians
Is apple pie and cheese!

is apple pic and cheese!

The 'ribalds may devry 'em.

For these twin booms we stand,
Farlaking thrice per diem.

Of their tunness out of hand;
No mervating issuiton

Yours and the standard of their

With a mouthful at a hite!

We'll cut it square or idas,
Or any way we please,
And faith shall justify us

When we carve our pic and chee

when we carve our pic and chees
De guistibus, 'the stated,
Non disputandum est—
White and the pit and

EUGENE FIELD. E4. From the Chicago Keior,

Ed was a man that played for keeps, 'nd when he tuk You code't stop him any more'n a dam 'ud stop the For when he tackled to a thing 'nd set his mind plum You bet yer boots he done that thing, though it broke the So all up boys us knowed him best, allowed he wusn't jokin' When on a Sauday he remarked uz how he'd gin up ambkin'.

Now this remark that Ed let fall, fall, ez I sav. on Sun-Which is the reason we was shocked to see him sail in A-puffin' at a sulpe that sizzled like a Chinese cracker, An smoit for all the world like rags instead uv like ter-backer. Recoverin' from our first surprise, as fellows fell to pokin' A heap by fun at "folks ux said how they had gin up

But Ed-sex he: "I found my work cud not be done without it—
Jes' try the scheme yourselves, my friends, of any ny
you down; it—
It's hard, it know, upon one's health, but there's a certain beauty
In making sackerflees to the stern demands my duty;
to, whosly in a sperrif my denial and concession.
I morify the desh' and smake fur the sake ny my profession."

Blackberry Blossoms, From the Boston Evening Transcript.

From a thicke: in the corner of a six-ran fonce,
Where the succious pokeberry stalks uprear,
With sassafras and sunach in a wild grow in dense,
The blackberry blossoms through the brown rate pe with dewdrops shining on their long white sprays,
Where the yellow bee busies and the redbird files.
They marvel at the world and ip new-tound ways,
With innocest wondor in their wild, sweet eyes.
And roses are bright,
And many three be that love them:
But with dew besprinked faces
And wildwood graces,
Oh, the blackberry blossoms are above them:

When the pine boughs are swinging in the soft May breezs. And bumble bees are boasting of their spring-tide 

Prematogra, Ala. Sanuel Minters Pack 800 the Limit. Pron the Denver Republican.
When Dolphus cal's three hundred times,
And to propose lacks sand.
The time Rowens should call him,
And make him show his hand.

PICTURES BY DELACROIX AND JULES

Intrinsically judged the two pictures by Delacroix now on exhibition at the Knoedler gatlery on Fifth avenue are extremely beautiful and interesting. Nevertheless, their chief value to the American public is their historic importance—the explanation they give of a very important phase in modern art which is less well known in this country than those later phases that grew out of it. We know Delacroix very well by name in America, and, theoretically, perhaps, we understand the significance of the part he played in the development of modern art. But not many of his pictures have been seen in New York, and few among them have shown his talent in the most characteristic light. Two or three little paintings of tigors, for example, have revealed something of his coloristic gift and his strong dramatic instinct. The big "Sardanapalus" shown a couple of years ago at the Academy was extremely valuable as proving his flery individuality in composition and suggesting the rich complicated color effects that he was to nchieve more perfectly at a later period of his career and a study for an "Entombment" which has been more than once exhibited, is more beautiful, impressive and characteristic than any of these. Yet there was need of something more to show us Delacroix as the great apostle of the "romantic movement;" and this we have to-day in the "Convulsionists of Tangiers" and the "Rape of Rebecca"-Tranhoe's Rebecca. Alike in theme and in treatment, they are very characteristic works, and the "Convulsionists at least is one of the most famous among Delacroix's smaller pictures.

The two great leaders of what is called the

romantic movement—the reaction against the pseudo-classic formality and nullity of the school of David-were Gérieault and Delacroix. Delacroly was the greater painter of the two, and even apart from this fact he has to-day a stronger historic interest. For he was wholly entirely, typically of his time, while Géricault, it may be said, was before his time. What Ge ricault preached in the "liaft of the Medusa and many other works was the gospel of naturalism, reality; what his pictures declared is that contemporary life may furnish worthy subjects for "high art," and may be treated in such art without recourse to any "idealizing" process. This, of course, is the accepted gospel of to-day, and, in consequence, Géricault's work-in so far, we mean. as regards its spirit-is more easily and sympathetically understood by present generation than Delacroix's. We see why he chose his subjects and why he painted them thus, and can imagine a man of our time choosing in a similar way. But when we turn to Delacroix the case is different. As a painter he excites far more admiration in our minds, but asan artist-as a thinker, so to say, a creator-bis spirit is alien to our own. Few men painters to-day choose such subjects as he chose when in his most characteristic mood; and it would be impossible now for any one to paint them with the fervor of conviction, the passion of interest, which show in every line of Delacroix's work. But this is just what gives his pictures such extraordinary historic interest. If his spirit seems allen to the spirit of to-day it is because it was so characteris tically, intensely, the spirit of his own time. We, too, may be romantic now and then in some new way of our own; but the old romanticism, the true romanticism stands as a phase of intellectual developcontrast to the pseudo-classi of the beginning of the century cism is dead and gone. It is not dead and gone in the same sense as the classicism which preceded it-which perished and left no vitalized seed behind. Romanticism still live in the sons which it engendered-in the nat uralistic, realistic, impressionistic, or poetica developments of to-day. But in itself it has parished. Delacroix's "Rebecca" and "Con vulsionists" seem as alien in spirit to the spirit of to-dar as Byron's "Corsair," as Scott's "Ivanhoe," as the earlier dramas of Victor Hugo. As works of art we may admire then as much or more than those who saw them when fresh from the easel; but they no longer thrill the emotions, speak to the imagination, or

throw open a path to the neophyte in art. It is needful, therefore, if we would really appreciate these pictures, that we should trans port ourselves in thought to the time when they were done. Look at this "Rape of Rebecca." with the rearing, frantie horse, the struggling servants, the pathetic epiorde figure of the Jewish maiden, and the blazing castle in the distance, to which one of the slaves directs our eye with melodramatic gesture. If it seems to us unvital, uninteresting, at once hackneyed and overcharged, we must remember that this is because we have seen similar conceptions repeated a thousand times by artists of interior ability and of every sort, from the painter of vast ambitious canvases to the wood-cut draughtsman; and then remember that when Delacroix painted it no one had ever seen its ike in any form. We must remember that sixty years ago men were just beginning to be introduced to a thousand things which are stale commonplaces now-to the picturesqueness and passion of the middle ages; to the free expression of force, emotion, and personality in literature and all kinds of art, and to the charms of vigorous movement and splendid color in painting. The subject was new, the treatment was new, and both subject and treatment harmonized exactly with the fresh awakening tastes and ideals of the younger generation which beheld them. It was more than a reaction-it was a revolution in art that was led by Delaeroix, and his painting has all the force and fervor of some "Marseillaise" sung behind a barricade by revolutionists of another sort. Gazing back in cold blood from our securer station where we profit by all that the great revolutionist in art accomplished, we can no more enter into his spirit than we could sing the 'Marseillaise" as the barricaders sang it. Only by an intellectual effort can we understand the impulse which prompted him or the extraordinary influence he had upon his fellows: yet the effort can be made, and it is well worth while to make it.

How magnificent then appears this "Rebec ca" with its picturesque, mediaval, romantic verve and vigor; its unbridled license in the use of line, often transgressing truth to some one fact in order to accent the emotional effect desired; and how marvellous its wealth and glory of color, produced in a day when men had all but forgotten what the word color meant! How curious to the realist's eye seems the yellow tail of the mottled gray horse, and how it must have afflicted and enraged the classicists who saw it! But how necessary is this note of yellow to complete the harmony begun in Robecca's dress; and how necessary these notes of black and white to bring a cool nocent into the warm general tone! How exag-gerated yet admirably expressive are all the lines and gestures; how refreshing, inspiring they must have been to a people educated on the stiff, plastic lifelessness of David's "Sabines." And when we come to more technical points, how wonderfully the tone is kent throughout these billiant masses of color, and how magnificent is the brush-work-enough to drive to despair the most accomplished technician of the most skinul contemporary school. It is a marvellous piece of painting for all time, this picture; and even to-day, when we have so utterly outlived the mental temper it translates, we can easily perceive what a marvellous artistic concention it must have seemed a half century ago.

In the "Convulsionists," which is a canvas of sabinet size crowded with small figures, we see again the romantic spirit which loved wildness, emphasis, fervid passion, and which expressed itself most of all through color. The subject is not an imaginative one in the sense of filus-trating some literary theme like the "Rape of Rebecca" and very many others among Delaeroix's pictures. It is a subject drawn from contemporary life. Nevertheless it shows us once again Delacroix the imaginative remantieist in contrast to Géricault the realist. A change of sky can serve the remantic impulse quite as well as a change of spoch; and no characteristic of the romantic school in litera-

ture and art was more pronounced than a new the East and South, with their mysterious poetry and their wealth of exotic color. So here again we have a work of great historical significance one of the very first of that long line of pictures in which a hundred modern Europeans have shown us the Orient. The faults in drawing into which Delacras so often fell-deliberately, we may believe, more often than unconsciously-are very apparent in this picture, and it is not mainted with that nice realism in minor matters which a contemporary artist might well believe essential. But its vigor in conception, its dramatte force and fire, and its beautiful glowing color redeem all possible defects; and here ncain we can well understand why it took so strong a hold of the imagination of its time, Like its companion picture. It was a striking novelty in its day, and the world was not then so well accustomed to artistic novelties that i could accept one of such individuality and force without passionate approval on the ene hand and almost frantic disapproval on the

other. The five pictures by Jules Briton which are shown in the same gallery, seem tame enough by contrast with those of Delacroix. It is but fair to say, however, that three of them are poor examples, and that even the other tun by no means show us Breton at his best. The portrait head of a young girl is a fine, simple, vigorous piece of work, but a study simply; and though there is much charm in the group of girls enting their luncheon in the field under a midday sun. It has not all the charm or half the strength that Briton sometimes shows us, The remaining three are but thin dilutions of his better work.

DISHONEST AMERICANS ABROAD.

Not New for Our Countrymen to Chent Tradespeople in German Towns-Cases Before Bressler's that are Remembered,

BERLIN, Nov. 13 .- The case of young Brosser of Detroit, who has been imprisoned in Munich, has excited comparatively little interest among Americans here. Of late years they have rather learned to expect periodical escapades from fellow countrymen resident in Germany. About every three or four months, with considerable regularity, some American falls into public disgrace. The Germans of social distinction, who regard all Americans as greedy Philistines, consider Bressler's pranks the normal result of his being born or American. In their opinion he has done only what might have been expect-Only upon German tradesmen has Bressler's career probably made a lasting impression. They have made a big mental note of the circumstances of his indebtedness, and they will not forget it the next time Americans enter their shops. They have received another proof that not all Americans are so rich that they would as soon pay a debt as not. Years ago this superstition was generally prevalent among German shopkeopers. Although they regarded America as the stamping ground of numbug and dishonesty, they believed that an American would not bother to cheat his tailed or shoemaker. Of late years, however, this quasi confidence in American customers has been badly shaken. Every year an increasing number of Americans have gone home after eating, drinking, and dressing at the expense of the Fatherland. In most cities the frequent recurrence of cases like young Bressler's has

caused this decline of American credit.

In a few cities a dramatic collapse of Yankee

olvency has accomplished the matter in a day. Not long ago Heidelberg was turned topsy turvy by one of these transatlantic crises, The story of the Anglo-American Club has be come classic among Heidelberg tradesmen. It was organized with a big flourish of trumpets; its rooms were elegantly furnished; its wines were the best in the lithine and Neckar valleys. Heidelbergers still tell fabulous stories of the fine banquets which the club gave. All Englishmen and Americans of note who visited Heidelberg were handsomely dined and wired, apparently at the club's expense. Mark Twain was its guest during his latest visit to Heidelberg. In short the Angio-American Club just about ran Heidelberg for a time, and wine merchants, tobacconsists, and caterers ownered for the privilege of writing the club's name on their books. The German Corps hecams tremendously jealous of their American rival. They said bad things about the humbug" Americans and "besisteak" Englishmen. The climax of the club's prosperity was reached when a German prince chose to join it rather than the White Caps, a corps which boasts that it never admitted a man below the rank of Baron. These noblemen decided that the Angio-American Club must go. They raised the cry of humbug until the tradesmen began to feel uneasy and send in their bills to the club. The club membership immediately began to decrease. More bills came and mora members last. Before Heidelberg justice the last Angio-American Club membership immediately began to decrease. More bills came and mora members last. Before Heidelberg justice the last Angio-American Club member was soroes the border. The shopkeepers in the map Strassed don't beg for the privilege of charging up articles to Americans any more. If an American done to prove the provention of the last Angio-American Club member was soroes the border. The shopkeepers in the map Strassed don't beg for the privilege of charging up articles to American women have done little less than the senda a clerk up to the bank ten blocks away, if nead be, to get the colon changed.

American women the colon changed.

American women have done little less than their colon and the provention of the sendant of the sendant of t

We done all we could for her. We her sold the store to pay her way. We will pay her debts as soon as we can make the money. mate the meney.

Most of the debts, however, remained long unpaid. Many of them are still unsettled.

The shopkeepers who gratuitously clothed the girl from Wasshington Territory are as auspicious of American women as are Heidelberg wine dealers of American men. Other German eitles have had many similar experiences. Not so very long ago even an official in the American Consulate in Hedin, who got head over neels in debt, tried to extricate himseli by means which caused his imprisonment. A superficial glance at a dozen or two such dramatic records made by impecuations Americans in Germany during the last five years suffice to show why young Bressler's case is not such a novelty here as might be expected.

From the Baltimore American

ONANCOCK, Va., Nov. 19.— Capt. John Spence, the oldest inhabitant of Account county, and probably the oldest in the United States, died last Saturday at his home on Stkee's Island in the northwestern part of this county. According to his own statement Capt. Spence was hern in 1776, and was therefore, 112 years old when he died. His first vate for President was cast for Thomas Jefferson in 1800, and he had voted in every subsection. Presidential election with one exception, maxing twenty-one in all.

Mr. Boyle's Adventure in the West.

Joseph Boyle, one of the largest wholesule oyster dealers in New York city, met with a singular arcident about noon yesterday. He stepped ou a banana reed in front of 140 hearborn street and plunged headlong through the heavy plate-glass window into Mr. Hasberger's furnishing goods. Beyond a few slight cuts and a badly wrenched spine Mr. Boyle seaped unseathed.